PART II.
EIGHT PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

MISCELLANY, BOOKS AND ART.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1911.

King George V to Count His People on Night of April 2

Army of Men Will Take Census Figures of a Quarter of Human Race on This Date, and Parliament Will Get Returns Four Years Later.

NEITHER Christians nor Jews believe any longer that the numbering of the people constitutes a sin, and no one dreams of imagining that King George is calling down the Wrath Divine upon his head by directing in his capacity of sovereign that on the night of Sunday, April 2, next, a count shall be taken of the population of the entire British Empire, which just ten years ago—that is to say, in 1901—amounted to 396,294,152. We are informed by the Old Testament that David perpetrated "a grievous sin" in ordering Job, "the captain of his host," to number Israel and Judah, and to count the fighting men of the tribes, from Dan to Beersheba, and according to the Holy Writ, this early attempt at census taking was visited by Jehovah with a pestilence, which in less than three days killed off seventy thousand of the Israelite host.

Owing to this, the idea that census taking was a sin remained impressed on the minds of Jews and of Christians. So convinced were the latter of this that when the compilers of the King James I edition of the Church of England Bible came to the first three verses of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, in which it was mentioned that "a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus that all the Roman Empire should be numbered," the compilers substituted the word "taxed" for "counted." Nor was it until the recent revision of the Scriptures, that the real translation of the ancient and most authoritative version of the Gospel of St. Luke was restored, and the word "counted" replaced in lieu of "taxed," greatly to the chagrin of Sir Algernon West and other orthodox old officials of the Treasury Department in Whitehall, who considered taxing people much preferable to merely numbering them. Indeed, Sir Algernon's protests were a constant source of entertainment to his chief, the late William Ewart Gladstone, despite the latter's notorious lack of any sense of humor.

THE FIRST BRITISH CENSUS.

So pronounced, in fact, was the prejudice, on Scriptural grounds, that no census was taken of the United Kingdom until the beginning of the nineteenth century, unless, indeed, we go back to the days when Emperor Cæsar Augustus ordered a census of the whole Roman Empire, which included the larger part of Great Britain, a census which caused Joseph and Mary his wife to go up from the city of Nazareth, in order to be counted in their native town of Bethlehem, where Mary gave birth to Christ.

In 1753 an act authorizing a census was passed with the utmost difficulty by the House of Commons, but was promptly defeated by the Lords, as likely, in view of Scriptural history, to result "in some public misfortune or in an epidemical distemper." Nor was it until near half a century later—namely, in 1800—that both houses of Parliament, on the proposal, not of the government, but of a private member, enacted a law decreeing a census, prompted thereto by a desire to possess means of judging the relation between an increasing population and the native means of its subsistence. The census thus authorized took place in 1801, and ever since then a census has been taken at the close of each decade, every census containing requests for more detailed information than that which had gone before.

While the work of numbering close to one-quarter of the entire human race is onerous enough in all conscience, its magnitude becomes infinitely greater when it has to be accomplished within the space of twenty-four hours. But the British government for the last hundred years has been of the opinion that a census in order to be accurate must be taken simultaneously, since any enumeration extending over a tract of time, even were it but two days, must necessarily be more or less inaccurate and destitute of the means of correcting its own mistakes.

WORK HARDEST IN INDIA.

The returns of the impending census of the British Empire will show with a considerable amount of exactitude the numbers of British subjects who were at a given spot on a given night. The labor entailed is arduous enough in the case of the United Kingdom, but it is immeasurably more difficult in countries such as India, where the enumerators are confronted by all sorts of obstacles, in connection with questions of caste, while in many districts the natives are so alarmed by the curiosity shown by the government in the matter that they betake themselves to their mountain fastnesses and to their jungles, actually going to the length of killing all their dogs, lest the barking of the animals should betray their whereabouts to the census man.

The first so-called imperial census—that is to say, the census of the whole British Empire—took place in 1871, and the work was accomplished in one night, namely, that of April 3. Of course, only the actual enumeration was completed on that night, for naturally the filing of the returns, the entering of the letter on the books, the compilation of the figures and the statistical divisions and subdivisions take a much longer time, and, judging from the experience of the past, the complete report of the census taken on Sunday night, April 2 to 3, will not be ready for presentation to Parliament until well on in 1915.

The department which, in spite of its peculiar name, is a great department of the government, presided over by a $25,000 a year Cabinet minister, in the person of the Right Hon. John Burns, a former mechanic, that has control of the census, and which presents the final reports on the subject to Parliament. The executive of the Local Government Board, in so far as the census work of Great Britain is concerned, is the registrar general, who has under his immediate orders some six hundred superintendent registrars, about three thousand registrars and about forty thousand enumerators.

BLANKS DISTRIBUTED EARLY.

The local registrars of births and deaths appoint the enumerators, and each enumerator leaves about a week ahead of the census date schedules prepared for the purpose by the Local Government Board with every occupier of a house or of any portion of a house. Each enumerator is supposed to cover in this way an average of two hundred houses, or three hundred families—that is to say, where towns and cities are concerned, while with regard to the rural districts the territory is divided in such a fashion as to give the enumerator about fifteen miles of walking or driving on the census day. On the Sunday following the latter the enumerator will call at the various houses where he left the schedules a fortnight previously and will collect them. If the householder has failed to fill them out, either through neglect or ignorance, it will be the duty of the enumerator to fill the paper out according to the information obtained from the householder.

Having collected all the schedules within his district, the enumerator is compelled to copy the contents thereof into his enumeration book, which he then presents, along with the schedules, to the local registrar. For this work, which entails about four days of arduous labor, he receives an average pay of about $10 all told, and it will be readily understood that under the circumstances the enumerators are, as admitted during the course of a recent Parliamentary inquiry, "a rather poor lot," and possessed of neither the reliability nor the efficacy requisite for a satisfactory fulfillment of their task.

Virtually the enumerators are the only census officials who are paid for the work, for the superintendent registrars and the local registrars of births and deaths are permanent officials, subject to the registrar general's department, and when they are appointed it is thoroughly understood that the decennial census work is comprised in their duties. In Ireland a good deal of the enumerator's work is performed without extra pay by the officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary and of the Dublin police force, and the returns are made to the Registrar General for the Kingdom of Ireland, who deals directly with the Local Government Board in London.

MANY OFFICIALS HELPED.

The labor of enumeration is considerably facilitated by the fact that the superintendents of all prisons, workhouses and public institutions of one kind and another are required to make the returns of the people subject to their control. The War Department furnishes all particulars concerning the army. The Admiralty does the same thing in the case of the navy, while the work of enumerating the merchant seamen, whether in port or at sea, is performed jointly by the Customs Department and by the registrar of merchant seamen.

The enumeration of British subjects resident in foreign countries is accomplished through the agency of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while the Secretaries for India and the Colonies are required to furnish to the Local Government Board in London the census returns for all the oversea dependencies of Great Britain.

A notable fact in connection with the census work in India is that those employed thereon receive no pay for their labor. They are mainly recruited from the English and native government officials. But a considerable proportion of the enumerators are private citizens—natives, of course—who are compelled to undertake the work under a penalty of 50 rupees in the case of refusal.

There are, however, very few refusals. Indeed, the average native is so ready and eager to undertake the task that he actually supplies his own pen and writing materials, with the exception of the ink, which is generally supplied by the government. This is in part due to his delight to be able to pose as a government official, vested with authority, and partly to his satisfaction of the opportunity to gratify his curiosity concerning the affairs of his neighbors, while the filling out of schedules and the copying of returns seem to furnish the ordinary Hindu with much the same sedative entertainment as knitting, embroidery, and the game of patience in the case of elderly ladies.

The least reliable returns, as far as the Indian census is concerned, will as usual be those dealing with the Hill tribes; for the enumerators, especially when they happen to be Bengalee Babocs, show quite as much reluctance to count the fierce nomadic Hill tribes as the latter do to be counted, and the result is that the enumerators appointed for this portion of the census have a habit of sitting at the foot of the mountain passes and of evolving highly instructive data concerning the tribes above out of their own peculiarly vivid and essentially Oriental imagination.

CASTE QUESTIONS ARISE.

The question of caste is another source of much trouble to the census authorities in India. For an enumerator who happens to be a native of high caste objects to recording people as belonging thereto when he entertains any doubt as to the validity of their pretensions in the matter, and while the high caste Hindu will consider himself to be defiled if he crosses the threshold of a man of low caste for the purpose of obtaining the information demanded by the schedule, the enumerator who happens to be of inferior caste experiences the utmost difficulty in obtaining access to the high caste houses. Indeed, the questions of caste are so subtle and so intrinsic as to be almost beyond the comprehension of white people.

In spite of the deficiencies and inaccuracies resulting from these causes it is the Indian portion of the census of the British Empire which attracts the greatest amount of attention on the part of scientists in all parts of the world. It is no mere numbering of heads, but the particulars of the caste, religion, profession, language, sex, age and mental and bodily ailments of every person throughout the length and breadth of India, from the Viceroy down to the meanest pariah or outcast. The first census of the entire British Empire, taken forty years ago, showed a total population of about 235,000,000. The census of ten years ago showed close upon 400,000,000, and all sorts of speculations are being made as to the still bigger figures which are likely to be obtained at the census on April 2 next of those owing allegiance to King George V.

It is to the United States that may be said to belong the credit of reviving the census of old Roman days. The Constitution of 1787 included a provision for a census to be taken every ten years. The enumeration was rendered necessary by the fact that the population of the several states constituted the basis of representation in Congress, and while it is true that the national census was incorporated in the Constitution from political rather than from economic or philosophic considerations, yet it must be confessed that this nation deserves the glowing eulogium of Moreau de Jonnes, when he declared that "the United States presents a phenomenon without a parallel in history—that of a people who instituted the statistics of their country on the very day when they founded their government, and who regulated by the same instrument the census of inhabitants, their civil and political rights and the destinies of the nation."

EX-ATTACHE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
Born February 22, 1732; died December 14, 1799.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

THE OPERATIC TENOR.

Too Much Learning Caused Her Trouble

Winthrop Ames, at The New Theatre's anniversary dinner in New York, said with a laugh:

"At The New Theatre we try to be cosmopolitan. In setting a London scene, for example, we wouldn't make the dome of St. Paul's visible across the river from the terrace of the Savoy.

"That sort of thing happens, you know, in New York. It rather shows us up. It is rather amusing—like the French of the consul's wife.

"I was lunching once in a town in the Midi with the consul and his good lady. Mrs. Consul all through the meal had a good deal of difficulty in making herself understood by her French waiting maid. When the dessert was brought on she turned to the maid and said, in an angry aside:

"'Not these couteaux. Bring me the couteaux with the ivory handles.'

"Then she turned to us and added, thumping her fist on the table, while the maid stood mystified:

"'Darn the language! I wish I'd never learnt it.'"

Inside Tales of Washington Not in History

LIFE NEWLY OUTLINED

Many Fibs, Herein Corrected Have Been Told About the Fibless President.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in the year of grace 1732. If you do not know the month and the day you will not learn from this brief biography, because this is intended for persons sufficiently familiar with the well known history of their own country not to require a guidebook. What? No, it wasn't the Fourth of July. It wasn't Christmas, either. Was it Washington's Birthday? Aw, get along with you! This is no guessing contest.

There was something peculiar about Washington's family relations which ordinary historians have overlooked, somehow. It is this: George was the Father of his Country, including Virginia, the state in which he was born. Virginia was the Mother of Presidents, including Washington, who was the first of her children. He was, therefore, the father of his mother, and—well, here is where this biographer gets off. If the gentle reader wants the answer he can stay on and wait till he comes to it.

You have all heard of George, his little hatchet and his father's famous cherry tree. If you have not—and you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you haven't—don't say you have until you find out what the point of the story is, because it will be a dead giveaway on that sort of carelessness. Anyway, if the historian who started it going had not done what the story said little George told his papa he could not do, it never would have appeared in his unveracious history.

The historian's name was Weems, and he was a clergyman. Make a note at this point of how different this grown-up clergyman was from the truthful little boy he wrote about. However, let us be charitable. Maybe Dr. Weems outgrew a habit of his childhood. Some men do this, but not Washington. He was greater than his biographer. For further details of the little hatchet story consult school readers and the Sunday school books. It is a sweet and simple tale and is well worth reading, because it is so unlike those of any of your modern boys under similar circumstances.

A DISTINCT LIBERTY TAKEN.

Another historian, name unknown, but believed to have been a vaudeville artist or a newspaper humorist, has said that the first time Washington ever rode in a carriage was when he took a hack at the cherry tree. This would have been quite as true had the jokesmith said a taxicab; and everybody knows there were no taxicabs in those days. Why so truthful a person as Washington was known to have been should be the origin of so much and such glaring untruth is one of those psychological mysteries that you can't break into with a jimmy.

In his youth George Washington was a land surveyor all over Virginia, but he did not know the value of starting a boom town, such as later made the South famous and feathered the nests of promoters, so when he had a chance to join the army he went at it quick. At this time he was not yet old enough to vote for President of the United States, but as he was not in it for political purposes he didn't care much about that. He was under General Braddock and went with him out to Pittsburg to fight the French and Indians.

The French are no longer in evidence around Pittsburg, but they have a few Indians there yet, and the way they spend money is a noisy sight to see. However, they come naturally by their desire to paint things red. During the battle in which Braddock had it put all over him, an Indian chief shot some dozen or fifteen times at our hero with intent to kill, but the young man bore a charmed life, so the Indian said, and he threw his gun into the Ohio River and went fishing. He thought he might catch something, even if he couldn't shoot much. This story illustrates that a man with a charmed life needn't ever be afraid of the Indians who run automobiles. Nevertheless, it will be wise to remember that everybody isn't a Washington.

CONCERNING HIS NEXT JOB.

After safely returning from Pittsburg, which only those who cannot tell a lie can do these days, Washington waited around to see what might be doing next, and presently he entered the Revolution as commander in chief of the Continental army. It was hard sledding for George at times in this Revolution business, and frequently the music his tattered soldiers marched to was ragtime, but he stuck it out and succeeded after a strenuous career of nearly eight years in pulling the proposition through without a scratch on his skin and bringing along with him the American Eagle, the Stars and Stripes, the Declaration of Independence and the Fourth of July, all in good shape and condition, and better right this minute than they ever were. Hooray for George! If he had never done anything more than this he would be entitled to the thanks of Congress and of the entire community. Even if the little hatchet story had been different, it would not have cut any ice with the people in their esteem for G. W.

After the Revolution had been brought to such a successful finish Washington was elected President of the new Republic on his war record, and did so well on the job that he was re-elected. He was no third-termer, and when he had wound up his second term with credit to himself and no malefactors of great wealth wishing him everlasting oblivion, he retired to his farm at Mount Vernon, on the banks of the wide and winding Potomac, within trolley distance of the city which had been named in his honor and was to become the capital of the country, owing to the fact that neither New York nor Philadelphia was fitted to be the proper home for Congressmen.

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